

Joiners & Windmills

Apologies, I Have None

I can hear it all from outside,
The choked up sounds of another night.
I'm breathing deep through clenched teeth,
Watching my steps carefully.
These concrete slabs and kurb cuts
Are looking more familiar by now,
And the words escape me,
I can't drag them up to say: "I'm sorry".

There's no excuses.

We had such high hopes.
We had such high hopes.
But it's always difficult to keep everything balanced,
To not leave anything behind.
It's so hard to fall apart
When there's nowhere you'd rather land,
So this is it: the choices that we made,
Like not giving up just yet.
I'm not giving up.

Sometimes what it takes is to listen to what you say
And try to hear it,
To try to feel it.